NEW WONDER IN SCIENCE

THE GREAT MYSTERY OF LIFE AND DEATH BEING REVEALED.

Result of Dr. Baradue's Experiments with an Electro-Luminous Bath Taken in Paris.

New York Herald.

Verily, this is the age of advanced science. Here, now, comes the noted Dr. Baraduc with the assurance that the huno longer the mystery which we have hitherto supposed it to be. This attracting great attention, and who recently caused a great deal of sensation at the meeting of the Society of Medicine, in Paris, and at the congress of psychologists at Munich, by his novel experiments in the

"The human soul moves and is luminous," says Dr. Baraduc. "The movement of the soul is proved by the action of the effluvia which escape from the hands, and which are able, after passing through bodies on which neither heat nor light nor electricity produce any effect, to influence the needle of an instrument known as the biometer.

"Their influence is shown by the manner in which they attract or repel this needle, according to the moral and physical state of the person upon whom the operation is performed. The luminosity of the soul is proved by the action of these same effluvia upon photographic plates, this action being the more evident according as the deviation of the biometer's needle betrays a more

when the needle is attracted, the emuvia into eminence in a day. The backwardness leave on the photographic plate an image of his countrymen, however, was not due representing masses of light which look like long stretches of thick network. On that they had never seen his work. None the other hand, when the needle is repelled, small whitish spots are formed, which look like flakes of snow; under the influence of the will these spots can be made to come | No. 2 West Eighteenth street, the works together into any figure desired by the op- that had won fame for him in Paris, to-

"If we place a plate, not under the hand, but on the forehead or chest, we obtain these whitish spots whenever those states the work of Barnard is in some respects tion, anguish, sadness, fatigue, convales- pression that mere novelty or unconvencence, we obtain, not whitish spots, but thick masses of light. In the former case the vital force takes outward form under the influence of the vibrations of the soul and the accelerated beats of the heart; in into the human soul in order to give it new strength and courage." A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

In order to test the truth of these statements. Dr. Baraduc, assisted by Dr. Maurice Adam, made a very curious experiment recently on a pigeon. The experiment was cruel and will shock all anti-vivisectionists, but the results obtained were so wonderful that no one who has any faith in modern science can blame Dr. Baraduc for testing his strange theories in this way.

The object of Dr. Baraduc and Dr. Adam was to find out whether an animal, when under the influence of violent emotions, could make an impression on a photographic plate, and, if so, in what manner. The pigeon was fastened on a table, with its wings spread out and its feet tied. A plate was then placed over its heart and the room was darkened. Naturally the plate was developed, and the two doctors noted with satisfaction that a great quantity of vital force had escaped and had covered the plate with a multitude of luminous spots. The experiment was repeated four times, and the result was that the spots gradually diminished in size and intensity, and finally disappeared altogether at the moment when the pigeon, having become accustomed to this extraordinary treatment, ceased to feel even the slightest emo-

The next step was to take the bird's life with the object of photographing the different phases of its death. The light from a large red lamp filled the laboratory at this moment and gave it a rather diabolical aspect. The bird was killed and four photographs were taken. One was taken at the moment when the blood began to flow, anplace, a third at the moment when the bird drew the last breath and a fourth immediately after death. Of these the first showed flakes of vital force, which had taken outward form; the second showed a whirlpool of vital force penetrating into the hody; the third showed thin clouds of vital force, analogous to the astral photographs of the bodies of dead persons, and the fourth, taken after death, showed abso-

ment, if tried on a human being, would give the same results. Proof of this statement, however, is not forthcoming. Eager as we may be to fathom the mysteries of life and death, we cannot very well commit murder for the purpose of attaining our

GREAT RESULTS EXPECTED. To the question as to what real use are such strange experiments, the answer is obvieus. One fact is clearly proved by them. The permanent relations which exist between the attraction and repulsion of the registered by the photographic plates prove conclusively the existence of a fluid current

about fifteen degrees, while the left hand force, which is shown by fatigue. During sleep, convalescence and rest both hands force comes to replace that which has been cannot be reversed at wil

Very often the waste of vital force continues a long time after the physical or cerebral effort is over, of course to the great detriment of the body. There is, as it were, a "flight" of vital force, which is quite as depressing in its way as an actual

Dr. Baraduc set himself to find a way out of this difficulty; in other words, he saw that what was wanted was an instrument by means of which the expansive current could be reversed. If this could be done the physical and cerebral forces could be restored, and, if necessary, the time required for repose could be economized, e manner in which Dr. Baraduc treats himself seems to show that he has succeeded in solving this difficult problem.

When he finds that his physical strength is not as it should be, he shuts himself up n a small room, from the ceiling of which hang ten electric lights, and there he takes for five minutes an electro-luminous bath, which has the intensity of 320 candles. This bath of light fills his head with lifegiving warmth, and within an hour he is

enjoying a quiet rest. The doctor, feeling rather feverish a few days ago, took a bath of this kind. First, however, he found by the biometer that his right hand left the needle motionless, while his left hand repelled it fifteen degrees. This clearly betokened continued loss of Under the influence of the bath the left hand attracted the needle seventyfive degrees, but the right hand still produced no stir in it. Half an hour later the right hand attracted the needle sixty degrees and the left hand repelled it five degrees. Three-quarters of an hour later the right hand attracted it five degrees and the left hand forty-five degrees. This was what the doctor wanted. He felt at that moment not the slightest fatigue, and he knew by his unerring biometer that his strength had been restored by an enormous

increase of vital force A journalist, M. Henri Desormeaux, who saw the effect of these electro-luminous baths on the doctor, took one himself, and found that the effect was exactly as de-scribed by Dr. Baraduc. M. Desormeaux and all others who have heard of Dr. Baraduc's experiments expect still more surprising revelations in the near future. The electro-luminous bath is already known as "the fountain of youth," and the strange stories told by the biometer seem to many persons a clear prestige that much more of the mystery of life and death will soon be revealed to modern scientists.

Clovers and Shamrock.

blem of the Trinity. Consequently, there is little doubt that he used it as an illustration. How the little fiction that it is a distinct plant, and will grow only in Ireland, has been entertained so long seems incomprehensible, unless it is due to the peculiarity of Englishmen when regarding most thing Irish. It is almost as absurd as regarding Lever's characters as typical of the Irishman of to-day—probably of any of the Irishman of to-day-probably of any day, as he appears to have had as great a genius in inventing characters as in inventing stories. Ireland largely owes its clovers and shamrock to its limestone. Around Dublin, where limestone is not very prevalent, the inferior type of clover, the yellow trefoil, is commonly used as a badge, its convenient shape, owing to the root, rendering it convenient as a button-hole flower. In limestone districts the white clover is more commonly used, though there is no definite rule, as is shown

by the specimens collected by natives in all parts of Ireland, now to be seen in the Dublin Museum. These specimens were allowed to go to flower, and four distinct varieties of clover are represented, each frequently. Even the large red clover is included. There is no other plant shown, because there is no other shamrock. The myth is destroyed, but the clovers remain, and it is due to their presence that the Irish pastures are so rich and so valuable for grazing. They have accumulated fertility, and they have done so in England; therefore their presence in lawns must not be regarded as prejudicial.

AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

Success Achieved by Mr. Barnard, One of Indiana's Sons.

The following from the New York Evening Sun in relation to the work of the young American sculptor George Grey Barnard will be of special interest to the Journal's readers, owing to the fact that he is an Indiana man, being the son of the well-known Presbyterian minister of Madison, Rev. Dr. Barnard. The Sun says:

George Grey Barnard has hitherto been an example of a prophet without honor in his own country. Although an American by birth and parentage, his work was unknown in this city when he was being honored in Paris as a young man of unusual promise, who from obscurity had sprung in any measure to lack of judgment on their part, but to the simple circumstance of it had ever been publicly shown in this city until yesterday, when Mr. Barnard placed on exhibition at the Logerot Garden, gether with one or two other pieces. It of mind prevail which repel the needle, unlike any that has been exhibited here as anger, joy, terror, physical activ- before, and would certainly attract attenbut when those conditions prevail | tion on that account if on no other. But which attract the needle, such as medita- it would be very unjust to convey the imnard's work is unconventional is true, but any one going to his exhibition in the expectation of finding something eccentric or fin de siecle will be disappointed, for there the latter case the vital force surges back | is nothing whatever in his work decadent or extravagant. On the contrary, if ever a man were earnest and honest in his art Barnard is so. But he has a hearty detestation of the conventional; the everyday figures of liberty, justice and so forth which one sees reproduced with sickening uniformity year after year are not to be

found among his works. Barnard's conceptions-so far as one may be allowed to judge from the examples of his sculpture shown here—are always original, strong and individual. No man, for instance, can look at the great group which greets the Logerot Garden without being struck with the force and originality of the mind that conceived it. There is a grandeur in the design of this work that seems to show the influence of Michael Angelo, yet it cannot be said that the young American sculptor has ever literally imitated him. In his work, however, there is something indicating that Barnard's conception of the aim of sculp-ture is akin to that of the great master of the Renaissance. Barnard is essentially a sculptor of the nude-for him the true obect of the sculptor's art is to interpret the human form, and it may be said that he shows a subtlety and an understanding that are rare, indeed, in his handling of flesh. Compare one work with another and see how his treatment is always appropriate to the subject he has in hand. Take a piece like the fragment representing primitive man struggling with the serpen Hidhoegur, and compare his handling with that in the mystical group called Friendship. Or compare the marvelous delicacy and tenderness of the latter with the manner in which he has treated the figures in the great group—"I feel two natures strug-gling within me." Each differs from the other, yet each is perfect in its way, and seems, in fact, the only logical treatment for the particular piece. Simply to study the facture, the technique, it would repay

many students of sculpture to visit this exhibition. It should not, however, be supposed that Barnard's works are only, or even principally remarkable on account of their execution. It is not until he comes to look into it that the observer considers the workmanship, for on entering the building he is first struck with the grandeur of the conception, the invention and the power of design in the colossal group. It represents the eternal struggle between the nobler nature with the blind, the

brutal, the instinctive. The allegory is perfeet-yet it is not carried a whit too far. It is a work of great intensity and imagination, and is undoubtedly the artist's masterpiece. In looking at it a man cannot fail to be impressed by its power and intensity. It is no wonder that Rodin openly complimented the young American on this achievement when it was exhibited at the Champ de Mars in 1894.

TO STOP FOOT BINDING IN CHINA. Movement to Abolish the Practice Started by a Literary Graduate. Shanghai Letter in New York Sun.

A remarkable movement in China, which promises to have widespread results, is the anti-foot binding agitation, recently started by a prominent member of Szechuan. The leader of this movement is Chon, a literary graduate and a scholar of means and influence. His home is a leading city in the richest province of China. While the district examinations were being held there recently every one was amazed at the appearance of large posters on all the dead walls containing an appeal to all educated Chinese to abandon the torture of their oung daughters by foot binding. The proclamation was signed by Chon and a half lozen other prominent graduates and offi-

The proclamation was written in the regulation Chinese manner. It contained many quotations from Confucius, but its main point was directed to the edict of Emperor Shun Chih in 1662, pronouncing the binding of girls' feet to be illegal. Chon declared that this edict had been obeyed for a time and then ignored. He describes the tortures which young Chinese girls of the better class are forced to endure and the misery and tears that are their portion for months and years. Even the worst convicts, he says, are never called upon to endure what a foolish custom imposes upon the tender frame of young girls, who are beloved by their fathers. He then calls at-tention to the helplessness of such crippled women and to their terrible fate when husbands or fathers are unable to defend or remove them from peril. He closes by ex-horting all educated Chinese to use their influence in abolishing a custom that is barbarous and opposed to the welfare of

From a Chinese standpoint the proclamation is ably written, although an American or a European would object to its commonplaces put into stilted language, and to the self-evident propositions which Mr. Chon argues at length. That it has made a strong impression is shown by the discussion of it in all the large vernacular papers. Many conservative writers oppose the movement, but it has gained more friends than enemies. It appears that Mr. Chon, the author of the proclamation which has been distributed in the form of tracts throughout Szechuan and neighboring provinces, was an examiner at Peking until recently, when the death of his father forced him to return home. There he found his favorite daughter, only seven years old, crying and hobbling about with her bound feet. He was so much impressed with the child's needless suffering that he wrote his article, and then secured the signatures of a number of his influential friends, all scholars who had held public office. These men also agreed to abolish the binding of

girl's feet in their own households and among their dependents.
Good judges of the Chinese character declare that this movement bids fair to have greater results than any reform started in recent years, because the Chinese have a reverance for scholarship. What would excite no comment if put out by a foreign or native missionary is regarded as of the first importance when signed by a literary graduate like Mr. Chon. What makes it more significant is that Chon appeals to all classes, for in the western part of Szechuan and in neighboring provinces the binding of the feet of female children is universal. Even the women who work in the fields have crippled feet and are forced to follow the harvesters on their hands and knees. In fact, the average length of the female foot in all the western part of this London Standard.

English clovers are Irish shamrock. Perhaps no greater myth exists than that relating to the shamrock. St. Patrick would find clover in all parts of Ireland, as he would in England, and it was a fitting em-

OPHELIA INQUEST

CORONER'S INVESTIGATION INTO THE CAUSE OF HER DEATH.

London Sketch

At the town hall, on Thursday, Mr. Coroner Lorenzo held an inquest on the body of Ophelia, daughter of Polonius, the late lord chamberlain of Denmark. The sad demise of the young lady, following upon that of her father, who (as reported in our issue of last week) was accidentally killed at the palace, has created much sensation in the

Laertes, a young officer of the Life Guards, identified the deceased as his sister. He saw her on the previous afternoon, during an audience of King Caudius, She then seemed to be not quite in her right mind. She was fantastically dressed, and her speech was incoherent. Previous to that he had not seen her for several weeks, as he had been abroad.

The Coroner-Do you know whether she had any love affair?

Witness-Before I left I warned her against the advances of his royal highness Prince Hamlet, who had paid her some at-

The Coroner-Did she encourage him? Witness-Not actively, I think. But naturally her position, as daughter of a minister of state, toward the heir to the throne was one of some delicacy; more especially as Prince Hamlet and my father did not get on very well. I have heard— The Coroner—Hearsay is no evidence. Did she mention his royal highness's name

Witness-No. But she said something about "bonny young Robin" being all her A Juryman-Do you know this Robin? Witness-No.

when you saw her yesterday?

The Juryman-Is there any one about the court of the name of Robin?
Witness-Not that I know of. Another Juryman-I think inquiries should be made. It seems to me that this man Robin should be called as a witness. A Third Juryman-Has Prince Hamlet any middle name like Robertius, or Robinbras, or anything of that sort?

Witness-I believe not. Third Juryman-But he must have some other name. Is Hamlet his surname or his Christian name? The Coroner-Really, gentlemen, I think this touches a constitutional question upon which it is not our province to enter. Third Juryman-I only want to know who Robin is. (To witness.) Had the deceased

any pet names for the prince?

Witness-I have heard her address him as "My Lord Hamlet" and "My Honored Lord"-that is all. Francisco, a soldier of the Castle Guard, deposed that, being off duty, he was taking a walk by the side of the river on Wednesday afternoon, when he saw the deceased on the opposite bank. She were no hat, and had flowers stuck all over her. She climbed a tree, but the branch broke,

and she fell in and was drowned. P. C. Dogbernardo, 221 K, said that as he was proceeding along the castle road at 4:20 on Wednesday afternoon he saw the deceased coming from the direction of the castle. She was behaving in an extraor-dinary manner and singing objectionable songs-at least he would have considered them objectionable if she had not been the lord chamberlain's daughter. The Coroner-Why did you not stop her? Witness-There's many mad folks at the

eastle. I might have had to arrest my Lord

Hamlet next. Third Juryman-Why, I should like to know, should the castle lunatics be allowed to stray on the public highway to the common danger? We might be murdered in our beds some night. Second Juryman-I think we should instruct the coroner to censure the government for allowing such things. If I put flowers in my bair and went about screeching. I'd soon enough be clapped in the stocks, I'll warrant.

The Coroner-Gentlemen, gentlemen, you wander from the point. You must hear the evidence before you add riders to the verdict you have not arrived at. Lafangrofat, who described himself as first clown, was the next witness. He appeared in the box in his workaday attire. and at once proceeded to divest himself of his coat, which he hung over the rail. The Coroner-Put on your coat at once,

sir. What do you mean?

The Witness-Marry, sir. I mean nothing. For to be mean is a fault, and a fault is wickedness, and to be wicked is dam-nation, and he that is damned is no live man. Argal, I mean nothing. (Laughter.) The Coroner-If you do not at once put on your coat, sir, you must leave the court. Witness-Then shall I leave the court by your leave, and, in good faith, I'd as lief to that as stay. But there lies the point, It is my habit to work in this habit; a man must either work or play. As the giving of evidence is not play, it follows that it is work; argal, behold my shirt sleeves. (Laughter.) But (resuming his coat), at

your will, sir-as you will. In the course of much questioning it was elicited from the witness that he had seen the deceased floating down the stream. She was not then dead, being upborne by her clothes, and she sang as she was swept along by the current. Witness, who sang a little himself, believed the melodies to he love songs of an inferior order.

The Coroner-Did you not try to rescue Witness-Marry, no sir. It is not for me to say nay to a gentlewoman who seeks her own salvation. Moreover, sir, had I wet my feet I might have drowned; had I drowned I could not have dug her grave, and there is none in ElsInore can handle skulls with so happy a humor.

The Coroner-So you are sexton, as well Witness-Ever so, sir; and I hold that it is not meet that a gravedigger should be Gentlemen'S a solemn digger. (Laughter.) is not meet that a gravedigger should be solemn digger. (Laughter.) The Coroner-Stand down, sir. This is no theater, but a court of justice. Dr. Dosemerantz gave e idence to the ef-

fect that death was due to drowning. The phenomenon of the bouyant clothes was, in his experience, unprecedented, but it might possibly happen in cases of indirect narration or of dramatic license. The coroner, in his summing up, commented on the sad nature of the case. It was, he said, evident that the poor young lady had been out of her mind for some time. No woman in her right senses would

a theatrical performance than for athletic exercise. There was, he thought, no evidence of suicidal intent. Third Juryman-Mr. Coroner, before we give our verdict there is one question want to ask. Where is Prince Hamlet, and why is he not here before us to-day? I don't see there should be one law for princes and another for the rest of the

climb a tree in garments more suitable for

The Coroner-I understand, gentlemen, that his royal highness is now on a voyage to England to recruit his health. It is not improbable, however, that his presence here would shed any further light on this sad occurrence, and I do not think it necessary to adjourn the jury.
Third Juryman-But it is quite clear that

he has been flirting with this young lady, and she went mad in consequence of his desertion. (Hear, hear!) I insist on having this matter probed to the bottom. We have already had enough court scandals this season. (Hear, hear!) The Coroner-Gentlemen, gentlemen, I beseech you to remember the dignity of your

office. I am assured that the prince's overtures of love were entirely honorable, and that he would have wedded the deceased but for the infirmity which has overtaken him. He has of late had strange hallucinations, and his uncle, our beloved sovereign has acted in the public interest no less than in the prince's own by sending him on hi Third Juryman-That is all very well, but

everybody knows how easily these things

The Coroner-I have here a certificate signed by Drs. Dosemcratz and Pillsantern to the effect that the Prince Hamlet is suffering from a strange form of cerebral disease, which renders him, as such ailments sometimes do, a source of danger to those whom in his sane moments he holds nearest and dearest. It would, even if he were here, be impossible for him to give evidence; so that you will please, gentlemen, to say no more on the subject.

The jury eventually returned a verdict of "accidental death." and recommended that a railing should be erected on the banks of

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